The Dickens Fellowship in New York

It Proposes to Do a Good Deal More Besides Reading His Books

"Surrounded by Dickensiana, the decorations on her study walls consisting of Gibson's drawings of the Little Marchioness and Dick Swiveler, Caleb Plummer, Traddles, "who married the dearest girl in the world"; Old Scrooge and other characters out of Dickens, flanked on either side by shelves of well read volumes, which differ only in binding and illustration, not in letterpress, Mrs. Edgar Nye, secretary of the New York branch of the Dickens Fellowship, admits laughingly, as is the proper mood for the Dickens lover, that the world is full of people who know Dickens as well as she does herself and who have the same love for his memory and desire to keep it green. Proof of this is found in the fact that the New York branch has a membership of about 150 and is steadily growing as its scope becomes known.

Naturally, being a branch society, it follows closely the methods of the London fellowship, which meets weekly from October to April at Whitcomb House, Pall Mall, East London, and which numbers among its members many well known people, such as the family of Alma-Tadema, all of Dickens's descendants, Sir Conan Doyle, Harry Furniss, J. M. Barrie, W. S. Gilbert, John Hare, Algernon Charles Swinburne and Arthur Morrison. The late Henry Irving was a member. The object of the two societies is to knit together in a common bond of friendship lovers of Charles Dickens. Here are some of the other aims:

To spread the love of humanity, which is the keynote of all his work.

To take such measures as may be expedient to remedy or ameliorate those existing social evils which would have appealed so strongly to the heart of Charles Dickens and to help in every possible direction the cause of the poor and the oppressed.

To assist in the preservation and purchase of buildings and objects associated with his name and mentioned in his works.

That the society be open to all, without restriction as to class, creed or nationality.

In order to make membership possible to all, the London fellowship sets its minimum subscription at one shilling. Those who are well off are supposed to contribute more. In New York the fee is $1.

While the social phase of the society is only one form of its activity, the Master of Revels has been responsible for various entertainments which have done much to make it known to the public. The annual meeting has just taken place in the state apartments at the Hoffman House, the use of which was given by the proprietor, who confessed in talking with the committee his own fondness for Dickens.

And now a great costume ball is proposed, at which all the Dickens characters shall come to life again, arrayed in garments so accurately designed that no one can mistake them.

In telling of the plans for this ball Mrs. Nye repeats a story concerning a similar ball given in London, at which the descendants of Dickens formed two double sets for the lancers.

Among the characters whom no one versed in the Dickens lore could mistake was a queer little old lady who came in and wandered about without speaking to any one and rather avoided than courted attention. She wore a plain woollen gown, with prim white collar and cuffs; her hair was gray and plainly arranged, and she wore a cap of the Dickens period on her head. Altogether she was just a nice, comfortable, middle class person.

Dick Swiveler, who knew everybody, tried to be jolly with her, but she shook her head. Sairey Gamp attempted to speak, but was met with a monosyllable. At length Dick made a second attempt and this time he succeeded in finding out who she was.

"I was never born," she said, "but I belong to the Dickens land."

Perhaps you have guessed who she was. If so you are cleverer than all the Dickens characters. For she was none other than the famous Mrs. Harris.

Preceding the costume ball, a dinner is to be given at the home of Mrs. Nye to four people. It will be a small tableful, and perhaps not being a member of the Dickens Fellowship you might ask why so much emphasis for such a small party? But these four people are all that can be found who really knew Dickens, not through his books, but who talked and dined with him.

One of the many stories which Mrs. Nye is sure will be told again at this dinner is the anecdote Dickens related to one of his American friends regarding his most flagrant case of lost self-possession. It happened when he was reading the "Christmas Carol" before a large and interested audience.

He had just reached the line "What voice is that I hear?" and was enjoying the consciousness that his hearers were like harp strings on which he was playing at will, when a huge dog that had wandered in stopped in the middle of the aisle and as the last word left his lips answered with a long, lugubrious howl, which convulsed reader and audience with its singular inappropriateness—or the reverse as you see it.

That Dickens societies are at times matrimonial agencies is a fact. Sentiment is so closely allied with this literature that the step from reading to active romance is not a long one. Passing modestly over her own heart history which had a similar beginning, Mrs. Nye tells how two of the members who are naturally warmly interested in the success of the New York branch were absolutely brought together by Dickens.

They met at a dinner party and found each other as uninteresting as the normal man and woman brought together without previous acquaintance or knowledge of each other's opinions. Finally one quoted a line from Dickens and the other responded with a similar quotation. They discovered common love of Dickens, and with that for a starting point discovered in time a mutual love for each other.

That the love of Dickens and the love of humanity are synonymous, these members of the Dickens club firmly believe. Of course, Christmas is their great season of activity.

Last Christmas, the first one on which the society was in good working order, a Dickens charity was organized and carried through with the assistance of Henry Lawrence, manager of the Madison Square Theatre, who, "though too busy to read Dickens for fifteen years," had kept the spirit alive and turned over half the receipts of the Christmas matinée to the society. With this money dinners for a hundred families were provided. Best of all, these dinners were given in the right spirit. There was no big hall with patronesses to look on, no hard benches, no hurrying of the diners through to make way for the next lot; no publicity.

Instead, the dinners were sent to the families privately in big baskets with only a word written on a card, wishing the recipients good cheer in the name of Dickens and the Dickens society.

Among the many letters received in answer one picked up at random was from a poor woman with four children. It tells how she was sitting wondering, not how she would get a Christmas dinner for her young ones, but how to get any food at all. In her mood of profound discouragement she heard a rap at the door, opened it and on the sill was a big basket with a fine Christmas dinner.

Dickens brings Mrs. Nye some queer visitors. One was a quaint little man with all the hall marks of having stepped from the pages of a Dickens novel. He placidly let his umbrella drip on the good rugs and announced that he knew more about Dickens than any living person.

"I've taken more than one fly at him on the lecture platform," he admitted, and he offered to make the dignified officer of the Dickens society the star of his organization and tour her through the country; giving her all the fame and attaching himself to the box office receipts.

When he learned that the Dickens society was not to be used for private money making schemes he shook his head over the degeneracy of the times and went away, stopping at the door to murmur that if the Honorable Person in Charge ever changed her mind on the subject why "Barkis was willin'."

Once a quiet mannered, timid old lady came and apologized for her intrusion, saying that as she was now teaching the third generation to love Dickens she "thought perhaps she might be eligible for membership."

The members of the society are planning big things for the future.

First, there is the Dickens library, toward the foundation of which the proceeds of the costume ball will be given. This will include all the special Dickens editions and portraits, old engravings and essays, criticisms and caricatures, all the Dickensiana that it is possible to procure.

Then there is a project of a home for all kinds of unfortunates—something like that described by Dickens in the story called "The House for the Seven Travellers."

"I'M MRS. HARRIS."

THE PENALTY AND PLEASURE OF HAVING KNOWN HIM.

IN THE NAME OF CHARLES DICKENS.

IN DICKENS LAND.

MR. ROOSEVELT AT THE PLAY

"HAIL TO THE CHIEF" GREETS HIS ENTRANCE.

Theatres Get Less Chance to Use Him for Advertising Purposes Than Some of His Predecessors—Jokes at His Expense—A Meeting With a Bulldog.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 17.—There may be more pomp and ceremony at the White House now than during some former Administrations, but when the present President of the United States goes abroad from the White House he leaves the flummeries of state more absolutely behind him than any of his predecessors within the recollection of at least two generations of Washingtonians.

Mr. Roosevelt's manner of visiting the Washington theatres, for example, is attended by no ceremony whatever.

During some former Administrations the visits of the Presidents to the theatre were made a good deal of. "The President's box" was ornamented with the national colors. A big house was always to be expected, for former Presidents generally gave notice to the management more than a week in advance that they would attend the theatre on a certain evening, and the management would carefully see to it that that fact was printed frequently in the newspapers.

Often the regular orchestra would be amplified, especially as to the brasses, to give more volume to the "Hail to the Chief," which was always played, no matter whether it stopped the show temporarily or not, when the President entered his box. Mr. Harrison frequently, generally in fact, arrived at the theatre after the beginning of the performance, but the orchestra would strike into the "Hail to the Chief" tune all the same right in the middle of the action of the piece, and then the actors would have to stand by, hands at their sides, and wait for the President to be seated and for the finish of the tune and the dwindling of the applause it evoked from the audience.

This happened once when the somewhat acidulous tempered Richard Mansfield was the main performer, doing "Richard III." Mr. Harrison trudged into the theatre at least fifteen minutes after the dark souled *Richard* had delivered himself of the "winter of discontent" lines.

Mr. Mansfield was in the middle of the stage, looking extremely awful and lowering, when of a sudden the amplified orchestra, without any preliminary warning except the conductor's baton tap on his light shade, blared into the "Hail to the Chief" tune. Mr. Mansfield jumped at least two feet into the air as if a cannon cracker had been exploded under him.

When he came down again his face wore an expression of utter amazement and wrath. He did not know what was the matter. If he had heard that President Harrison was to visit the theatre that night he had probably forgotten it, and it seems certain that the "Hail, to the Chief" tune was not familiar to him.

He advanced upon the orchestra with both fists clenched and, shaking them at the orchestra leader, stood and raged. Then one of the other actors strode out of the wings, plucked at Mr. Mansfield's tunic and pointed to where the President of the United States was just then settling himself in his seat in the box.

Mansfield's face suddenly became illuminated with the better understanding, he placed his right hand on the left side of his chest and made him a profound bow in the direction of the President. The applause for the President continuing, Mr. Mansfield calmly annexed what he thought his fair meed of it by turning to the audience and bowing and then bowing some more, over and over again. Then he resumed his part.

Mr. Harrison always looked exceedingly bored at the theatre and not infrequently left long before the termination of the performance. Mr. McKinley attended the Washington theatres occasionally, generally patronizing the heavier kind of shows but never seeming to enjoy them very keenly.

Mr. Cleveland attended the Washington theatres frequently but it took a mighty fine show to get applause from him. He usually sat back well out of the general view and looked mortally tired through most of the performances.

Mr. Arthur never missed a week at some Washington theatre or other and when he liked the performers particularly well he would have them brought forward to his box after the performance for a chat.

All of these Presidents and many before them attended the theatre on widely advertised nights and accepted the splurge that was made on their theatre attending nights.

Mr. Roosevelt rarely knows that he's going to attend a theatre until a few hours before the performance. Generally at luncheon he will ask what is going on at the theatres and the list will be laid before him.

"Let's go to this-to-night," he will say then, picking out the attraction that strikes his fancy, and then Secretary Loeb telephones to the theatre selected and notifies the management that the President and his party will be present that evening.

The Presidential box is always available for the President, whether it has been taken or not. It is not ascertainable whether Mr. Roosevelt pays for his theatre boxes or not, but it is probable that he does. In former times some Presidents have paid for their visits to the theatre and others haven't. It is certain that no President would have to pay unless he wanted to.

It has been noticed that Mr. Roosevelt generally picks out the lighter sort of shows. In fact, some comment has been caused among managers of and performers in Shakespearian attractions that Mr. Roosevelt nearly always gives Shakespeare the go-by. He is said to have frankly informed one manager of a Shakespearian répertoire company of high class that he preferred reading Shakespeare to seeing the plays performed.

Mr. Roosevelt attends most of the extravaganzas in which light, catchy music and pretty girls abound. He attends some of the dramas, but at most of them he looks as if he would prefer to be elsewhere.

Nearly always he is accompanied to the theatre by Mrs. Roosevelt and by two or three guests of the White House. The Presidential party generally arrives at the theatre in one carriage. Mr. Roosevelt is always the first out of the carriage to help the women folks to alight and then he takes up his quick, jerky way through the entrance and foyer, the others tagging after him as best they may.

Mrs. Roosevelt from long practice has learned to keep step with her husband in walking but the guests who accompany the President to the theatre are often so deficient in this nervous celerity that they are far behind and sometimes only catch up by the time the President and Mrs. Roosevelt are well settled in their seats in the box.

Mr. Roosevelt and his party are always on time for the lifting of the curtain. When Mr. Roosevelt makes his appearance in the box—and he always pulls a chair out from behind the curtains and sits well up in front in full view of nearly everybody in the house—the orchestra, following the old custom, strikes into the "Hail to the Chief" piece.

It is said that when Mr. Roosevelt first became President he tried to have this custom stopped, failing because the managers of the theatre venerated the tradition and thought that the distinction involved in a few bars of music was coming to a President of the United States whether he cared for that sort of thing or not. It is certain that Mr. Roosevelt's countenance always wears a sort of wan smile when he hears the opening bars of the tune at the theatre.

The audience, of course, is instantly informed that the President is in the house when the tune begins, and then most of the folks get to their feet. Not all of them, however. Sometimes this provokes a bit of bad feeling. The people who rise to their feet make remarks to one another about the folks who retain their seats. The sitters have even been hissed and these hisses have been misconstrued into hisses for the President.

As soon as Mr. Roosevelt makes his appearance in the box he advances to the front and acknowledges the salutations of the audience by bowing profoundly two or three times, his teeth well in view under his smile, before taking his seat. The others in the box, including Mrs. Roosevelt, remain standing until Mr. Roosevelt takes his seat.

Mr. Roosevelt attended one performance not long ago at which there was the merest sprinkling of an audience. Not having had a chance to size up the measurements of the audience before reaching his box, he looked rather puzzled, before advancing to the front of the box, over the extreme thinness of the greeting he received. When, however, he got to the front of the box and measured with his eye the exceedingly sparse proportions of the audience the puzzled expression left his face. It was remarked that all hands in the slim audience got to their feet that night.

Mr. Roosevelt does not appear to mind the political gags that are frequently introduced by the comedians of the extravaganza companies on the nights when he is present. There were some mighty hot ones shot out by a trio of funny men connected with one of the musical comedies that the President visited a short time ago, most of them bearing upon the Panama Canal and the Dominican affair.

Mr. Roosevelt leaned back in his seat and laughed rosily over these cracks, the audience watching him carefully the while, for some of the jokes had a tinge of acidulousness in them. Mr. Roosevelt didn't appear to be laughing for the sake of impressing the audience. He seemed to laugh because he enjoyed the quips.

Mr. Roosevelt is liberal in his applause of parts of a performance that please him. He turns around to the others after listening intently to a good joke or a fine phrase and comments upon it and then he fetches his white gloves together with resounding whacks that can easily be discerned by the ear from the milder handclapping of those in the other boxes.

He laughs loudly and with his head thrown far back when his risibilities are particularly touched, and seems to have as much fun out of the thing as any boy in the peanut gallery who has paid his two bits to see the show.

A little incident tending to show how animals instinctively know their friends happened during the performance of a musical comedy which Mr. Roosevelt attended a couple of months ago. During one of the lineups of the show girls down stage, a snoopy little Boston bulldog belonging to one of the young women on the stage, having gained his freedom from her dressing room, walked unconcernedly, albeit somewhat suspiciously, out on to the stage, standing still to yawn and stretch right in front of the singing and tripping line of young women.

The smile went around on the stage, and the folks in the audience watched the dog to the exclusion of the performers. The President smiled broadly at the picture presented by the snub nosed bull pup.

Finally the dog turned about and walked over in the direction of the President's box. Mr. Roosevelt sat in a chair close to the stage. The dog deliberately strolled over until within about two feet of the President, and then sat down and surveyed the Chief Magistrate with a calm and scrutinizing gaze.

The President moved not a finger in encouragement, but just smiled at the dog. The dog's survey of the President seemed to satisfy him that the President was all right, for he got to his four legs after fifteen seconds or so, and, gathering himself for the jump, plumped himself square into the President's lap.

Mr. Roosevelt, when he saw that the dog was going to jump, stretched out his arms to receive the terrier. There was a big cheer from the body of the house, in which the folks on the stage joined. Mr. Roosevelt cuddled the dog for a moment, and then stood up and planted him back on the stage, whereupon the pup trotted into the wings, apparently satisfied.

ALL FOND OF MINNOWS.

Great Numbers Required as One Item of the Aquarium's Food Supplies.

In nature everywhere large fishes feed on small ones and on other forms of animal life which they may find in the water, and for their well being it is always sought as far as possible to supply such natural food to fishes in captivity.

In the case of a great aquarium like that in New York, with many captive fishes, this involves the supplying for food purposes, among other things, of a great number of minnows. The larger fishes in the New York Aquarium consumed last year about 1,000 quarts of minnows, or about eight barrels.

The minnows thus fed range from half an inch to five inches in length and average about 2,500 to the quart, so that it takes about 2,500,000 minnows annually to furnish this item of the Aquarium's food supplies, which includes also clams and shrimps and cut up fresh fish and various other things.

The largest of the striped bass, a fish close to three feet in length and weighing probably twenty-five pounds, will eat from 200 to 250 minnows in a day. If it should eat 200 a day for 300 days in the year it would in that period consume 60,000 minnows.

But whether, like the big striped bass, they eat 200 minnows in a day, or like some of the smaller fishes, only a dozen, or half a dozen, all fishes like minnows, and this fondness for them is not confined to fishes alone, but is shared by other animals of the sea, as, for instance, by seals, which like minnows very much. If a handful of minnows are thrown into a pool of seals the seals will dive and swim about after them with great swiftness until they have swallowed every one.

So it takes quite a lot of minnows to satisfy the natural appetites of the Aquarium's larger fishes, but the two and a half millions or thereabouts thus annually taken don't cut much of a figure as compared with the number left. The minnows for the Aquarium are all gathered within a comparatively small area, neighboring to Gravesend Bay.

HUMAN ILLS CURED BY MUSIC.

EVEN DEATH PUT OFF BY IT, SAYS LACEY BAKER.

The Banjo, the Piano, Song as Remedies—A Daily Dose of Music Advised, After Andrew Carnegie's Plan—Power of Music Over Animals—Some Cures.

"Music is so much a pleasure that the fact that it is a power, I believe I may say the greatest in the universe, is not considered," said Lacey Baker, the musician and choirmaster. "I do not speak of the degenerate, atrophied parlor amusement, which is an accidental human creation, but of music as a part of the cosmos; a force in nature which is dynamic, whose laws are those of vibration and as immutable as the laws of gravity.

"To the seven notes of the scale the world owes its being, and should music cease for the fraction of a second the day of doom would be upon us. The divinely given dimensions of Noah's ark, as tabulated in Holy Writ, were according to musical progression.

"The human head in its entirety, as shown by Hussey, agrees mathematically with the ratio of the harmonic scale. The eyes, nostrils, mouth, even the under eyelid, are all in accord with this same progression."

When asked if he thought that listening to much music would prolong life, Mr. Baker answered:

"I do not think, I know, it will. To avoid friction, to prevent wear and tear, is the aim of all who have to do with mechanisms, and this is one thing that music does for the human machine; it puts it in harmony with all the laws of being.

"This is no new assertion. The Pythagoreans held that it was the business of music to harmonize all things through the universe. It is a well established fact that the normal tenor of the pulse is regulated entirely by harmonic proportions.

"It was Roger Bacon who wrote: 'Instrumental music and song brings power and vigor, stirs up nature and helps her in all her motions,' and the man who takes a daily dose of music will not only live longer, but better, more satisfactorily to himself and those about him, than one who does not.

"The principal cause of decay and premature death arises from the great waste and dissipation of animal spirits in the continual hurry of life. Music renews, brings a fresh supply of animal spirits, and so promotes bodily and mental vigor, and in this way prolongs life.

"I find music a great appetizer. Both Claus Magnus and Paul Diaconus, writing on agriculture, agree that music excites the flocks to graze better and eat with more avidity. The Arabs have a proverb that singing contributes more to fattening beasts than good pasture.

"It has been suggested that these things are fine spun figments of fancy, but if the speed of sensations can be measured, as it is by a machine designed for the purpose, it is not difficult to believe that the vibrations of a violin will cure sciatica. I have in mind a case where the instrument was placed on the affected part and played, and in a short time the pain ceased.

"It is common to say that a certain sound sets the teeth on edge. Nothing has touched the teeth, the mouth is closed; how, then, is it? Simply the result of a vibration of a certain kind; that which cures is of another kind."

When questioned as to instances in which serious illness had been cured by music, Mr. Baker said:

"I was told a short time ago by Dr. Mott Francis of Newport of a young girl, his patient, who was restored to health by music. She was very ill. He had done all he could, but she was sinking.

"Death seemed inevitable, when it occurred to him to try music. He plays the banjo, and friends of the seemingly dying girl sang as he played. She soon revived and continued to mend and is now quite well. This incident was verified by Admiral Luce.

"A certain musician I know of, whose mind had gone wrong, was in the insane ward of a hospital. It was decided to make the experiment of placing him at the piano.

"At first his hands strayed blindly, but after a time the vibrations of his own wandering notes seemed to reach his inner consciousness and he began to play with understanding. That was the beginning of his recovery, and he is now perfectly well.

"It is a reasonable proposition that music intelligently administered will produce definite results in disease treatment. It supplies a stimulant, both psychic and physical. In melancholia and insanity music stimulates the attention centres, withdraws the attention from self and so effects a cure.

"Take the business man, so fagged that he cannot control his attention. Let music be softly and continuously played; his attention will be centred, then tired and he will sleep like a child.

"In Edinburgh Royal Infirmary on Sunday the piano is played in each ward and the patients sing. The reports of attending physicians show that the temperature of patients the night following is more nearly normal than at any other time during the week.

"It is a fact that there is less sickness on the lines of ocean steamers that have bands on board than on others. In Germany, where music prevails, there is little if any pulmonary consumption, and it is true that the children of musical mothers are healthier than others.

"I have, as I believe, saved the life of one woman, said to be dying, by choral music. She rallied while I was giving her the first potion, and continued to gain steadily until she was fully recovered.

"A few weeks ago, here in the streets of New York, a man had an epileptic attack. There was no physician near and his paroxysms continued until a military band went by. As soon as he heard the music he sat up and a minute later was on his feet and free from pain.

"A hypochondriac who, by the advice of his physician, listened to an orchestra six hours daily regained his appetite after the first few days, and in two months his health was fully restored.

"The power music has over animals is very marked. The bandmaster at Barnum & Bailey's says that the animals will not do their work unless certain tunes are played. A lion will sit upon his haunches, motionless, ears erect, eyes vacant and abandon himself to the enjoyment of music, but the moment the tune is changed he will spring up, often with an air of disgust.

"Milton held that one should listen to music before and after meat to assist digestion, and never ate without either vocal or instrumental music. Chomet's theory, enunciated fifty years ago, was that sound is a fluid which, properly directed, permeates everything, acting as do heat and electricity. It encountered a storm of abuse, yet he demonstrated that with a note sufficiently long and high he was able to kill a dog.

"While there is a good deal of the survival of the slickest in this world of ours, in the fulness of time it is the fittest that survives. Pivotal truths are here to stay, and that music is a great power, greater than has been yet proved, is one of these truths.

"The harmonic ratio has been demonstrated in chemistry as well as music. Loftus found that the varying color of flowers is due to the same common principle. The distinctive harmony due to thirds, yellow and blue, is a common mixture in the coloring of plants and flowers, and the harmony of the fifth is illustrated in the fuchsia.

"The mixture of all color in white is found in the diapason. Discords are connectives, and the primary harmonies disjunctives, and as in the musical scale, by union and disjunction the fair order of the universe is maintained. In accord with this is the proof that Rice gives us that all geometrical lines have their counterpart in music, as is also the statement of scholars that the music of the universe governs all things and regulates the days and years.

"As a matter of fact, light and sound are identical. Very rapid vibrations produce light, those which are slow produce sound. Tones and color are the same. Colors are tones of tremendous height of pitch, tones are colors of tremendous depths of pitch, and as vibrations are produced on strings, so emotions manifest themselves by vibrations of the body. Not alone the heart of the world, but all of it is very nearly one, however much it may seem to differ.

"Does all this seem chimerical, far fetched, not quite in line with common sense? I know that people like to have it understood that they square their lives by common sense, but really what new thing, good and necessary to know, did common sense ever teach us?

"In three score years and ten it does not enable one to decide such simple things as how many times a day it is best to eat, and when; what one should drink, and how much, whether a gallon or a teaspoonful, or how much sleep is good for one. Yet common sense is worshipped and deferred to as a fetich, although, as a matter of fact, the amulet of the Hottentot is safer, for it at least does not boss him.

"But when a man of such uncommon sense as Andrew Carnegie takes music, varying from the organ to the bagpipe daily, in practically unlimited quantities, it is a hopeful sign. I therefore permit myself to believe that at no distant date the power of music will be appreciated and utilized."

How Tolstoi Would Treat Peasants.

From the Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Count Tolstoi's wife told me a story of how the Count teaches his children to treat other children, especially the children of peasants, that is touching and characteristic," said Ernest Howard Crosby.

Mrs. Tolstoi told me of an incident after the Count had changed his garb from that of gentleman to that of peasant and had moved to the country to devote his life to his downtrodden countrymen. His little girl came in crying one day, having been struck a severe blow on her arm by a peasant boy with whom she was playing. The arm was black and blue and she sobbed bitterly to her father to avenge and punish the urchin.

The Count took his little daughter on his knee and talked to her for a long time. Mrs. Tolstoi did not hear the conversation, as she told the story, until she heard the Count say:

"Now, don't you think it would be nice to get some of that raspberry jam from the cellar and take a big saucer of it out to him?"

The child was willing to forgive the injury on account of the persuasion of her father, and she took the jam and pacified the little enemy. This is illustrative of Count Tolstoi's reasoning generally in the treatment of people and especially of the Russian peasants."